



THE MYSTERIOUS TAOS HUM

The town of Taos, New Mexico, is humming, but not everyone can hear it.

A team of scientists and engineers spent a week in Taos not long ago to measure acoustic and seismic sounds, but found no direct cause. Some of the team heard it too, 130 miles away in Albuquerque.

At first, Representative Bill Richardson (Dem., NM) wanted to write it off to "some of my more colourful constituents", mean-

ing alternative lifestyle seekers, offbeats, artists and UFO enthusiasts. Now he's convinced the problem is real and has asked someone from the House Select Committee to investigate.

The noise, which causes dizziness, shortness of breath, headaches, anxiety and sleeplessness, is thought by some to be from a secret defence-related project. The US Department of Defense denies it.

(Source: *Wildfire Magazine*, Winter 1993)

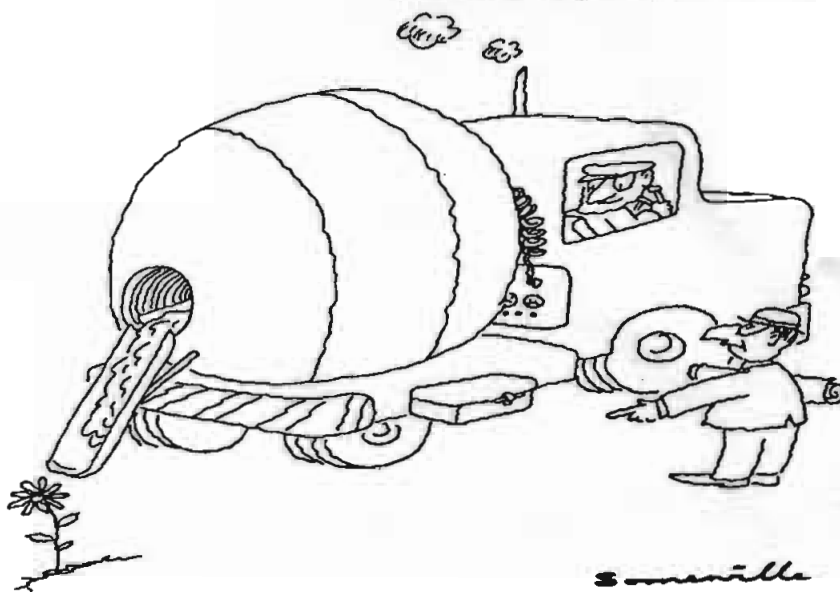
LIZARD PEOPLE UPDATE

Dear Duncan,

Here is a reptilian relic that was found in Los Angeles in 1954 that neatly fits into the "Lost Land of the Lizard People" article [see NEXUS 2/19]. Enclosed is a photo of an artifact that is definitely very old, depicting a full-bodied dragon. The upper section of the medallion is made of pure silver that was somehow fused to a copper-alloy base which is composed of over 40 different types of metal. The medallion's actual dimensions are 7/8" (width) x 1/4" (length) x 1/16" (depth).

The man who found it, Mr G., was an aerospace engineer who lived and worked for the US Government in Chatsworth, California. The artifact was found while Mr G. was helping a friend, who lived on the northern shore of Lake Chatsworth, repair the wooden stairway to the front porch. Mr G. dropped his hammer, which fell into a soft sandy area, and when he reached to pull his hammer out he noticed this small metal medallion.

Mr G. still has the artifact in his possession, and after much research feels that it belonged to an ancient race of space people named ALTEC, who left behind their influence on this world long ago. The Friendly or Sleeping Dragon is a very old symbol,



one which has definite connections to UFOs. I once had the opportunity to show a picture of a Pleiadian-style UFO to a man from Bhutan (near Tibet) and asked if he had ever seen such a thing. He replied that yes, they did see them often and that they were called "Friendly Dragon".

Chatsworth is located in Los Angeles County near the north-west border of the city and county lines. It is likely that a Chinese labourer lost this artifact while working in Chatsworth on railroad construction, around the turn of the century. There is a railroad tunnel that was cut by the Chinese through a solid red rock ridge called the Santa Suzana Pass near the Chatsworth Lake.

Old Chinatown is located in downtown Los Angeles and was built where the new rail-yard now sits. New Chinatown is built over much of the old tunnel systems that the first Chinese leaders had constructed for their 'safety' when they first arrived in the area. It is possible that engineer/inventor G. W. Shufelt did not know what he had stumbled onto electronically, and it is also

logical that Chinese people would not admit to the existence of a secure system of tunnels and rooms they had worked so hard to build in secret. There may even have existed a series of older tunnels and rooms that the Chinese discovered during their own excavations and construction. However, the Federal Government definitely stepped in during the '50s and took control of the entire underground tunnel system for their Cold War operations, adding many new paranoid-influenced improvements over the years that followed. In the '90s, suspicious arson fires prevented well-equipped ONI intelligence operatives from gaining access to the secret entrance that was located in the basement of the so-called 'public' library. There is more to this story than can be told at this time.

Take care, and keep up the great work with NEXUS.

Sincerely,
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TALES FROM THE YUKON TERRITORY

By Harold T. Wilkins

In the Supai canyon of Arizona, an American scientific expedition discovered, in 1924, remarkable pictographs of unknown and extremely ancient origin, cut through the iron scale on red sandstone, which depicted the most dreadful of all the dinosaurs: the terrible carnivorous tyrannosaurus. All this leads us, by way of preface, to certain queer stories told by trappers in northern British Columbia, gold prospectors and old sourdoughs in the Yukon territory of Canada's North-West, and Alaska.

As long ago as 1887, an American engineer from Washington, DC, Mr H. von Beyer, was staying at Port Townsend, Puget Sound, Washington territory, when a mysterious rumour spread around about a monstrous animal seen in the interior of Alaska. The story had probably reached Puget Sound from some trading steamship arrived from Sitka. White folk at Port Townsend told von Beyer that Indians had gone into Alaska and had taken the trail up the Yukon River. At a point a great way up into the interior, the Indians had seen strange tracks on the ground. They followed this spoor for many miles, and finally came in sight of strange hairy animals of immense size and unknown species. The Indians were scared at the enormous girth of these animals whose tracks were described as following a circular route. The story had passed through many mouths and von Beyer doubted it. He suspected it had come from some Vancouver Island Indians who had taken a long journey north by sea.

(It may here be noted that the Iroquois Indians of New York state and of eastern Canada have old traditions about a huge animal that travelled in circles in days long before white men discovered Canada).

However, in 1905, another and remarkable story appeared in the scientific journal published in Paris, France. It purported to relate the adventures of one Georges Dupuy, a French traveller, a banker of San Francisco, a French-Canadian mission priest, and an American gold hunter and fossicker at an Indian village called Armstrong Creek, located near the McQuesten River in the Yukon territory. This river flows through marshy tundras and alongside hills located between the 138 and 136 meridians, some 100 miles east of



Dawson City as the crow flies. Here, in the neighbourhood of Partridge Creek, the party encountered a terrible monster that seems to have been an Arctic dinosaur.

One Buttler, an American, and another prospector were one day hunting three large moose at the mouth of Clear Creek when, all of a sudden, as they were stalking the moose downwind, they saw a huge bull moose raise his head from the moss and lichens where he had been quietly browsing, and give three bounds. Another moose uttered a loud bellow—given only when a mortal enemy is near, or when the moose is badly wounded—and the three moose set off at a frantic gallop to the south.

The men cautiously approached the spot, which was partly screened by pines and undergrowth, when they saw in the snow the imprint of the body of some monstrous animal whose belly had left in the slime of the riverbank an impression two feet deep, 30 feet long and 12 feet wide! Four gigantic paws, deeply impressed in the muck, had left prints five feet long and two-and-a-half feet wide. There were also the prints of sharp claws which measured one foot long, and were deeply embedded in the mud. The men measured the impression of a tail 10 feet long and 16 inches wide at the middle!

They trailed the monster's tracks up a valley until, after about six miles, they entered a ravine called Partridge Creek. Here, the tracks abruptly and unaccountably ended. It looked as if the monster had given a tremendous bound up the cliff of the ravine. Deciding that the location was unhealthy, the men made tracks for an outpost. Dupuy, when he was told the story, laughed and joked at Buttler. "Say," he said, "but you ain't half wetted your whistle! Tell us what trading guy sold you that Bourbon. He must have a rare powerful brand of kill-'em-at-40-rods hooch!"

Buttler angrily retorted that he and his pal were more sober than most judges when they trailed that monster's tracks. It was arranged that Buttler should guide Dupuy, the French priest, Padre Pierre Lavagneux, a Yukon sourdough, and half a dozen Indians to the spot. For a whole day the party searched the banks of the McQuesten, the flats of Partridge Creek, and the whole countryside between the little township of Barlow, on the embouchure of the McQuesten with the Stewart River which flows into the Yukon, and a lofty snow-covered range which numbers Mt

Haldane among its most valiant peaks. They found nothing unusual and reported the facts to a sergeant of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who, though sceptical and humorous, agreed to join them in the hunt for the monster.

One evening, tired out after wading through sloughs and frozen tundras, they pulled up near the summit of a rock gulch and lit a campfire, as evening was coming on. The pine logs blazed brightly and there

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was the pleasant odour of turpentine and balsam mingling with the more pleasant smell of bacon and porky beans cooking at the fire. The red sun had his orb about level with the top of the divide. Dupuy later wrote:

"We lay by the fire, relaxed our aching limbs, and let our eyes roam over the marsh, glittering with icicles and hoar frost crystals, that we had just crossed. The tea was steaming ready in the pail when, all of a sudden, we were startled by the sound of falling stone tumbling down into the bottom of the ravine, followed by larger boulders. Then came a harsh and appalling roar. We sprang to our feet, and I don't

mind saying my teeth chattered and it was not with cold, either! Right across the ravine, on the side opposite to that where we were camped, the boulders were rolling heavily into the bottom, as a gigantic black and hairy animal slowly and heavily ascended the grade.

"From the corner of its mouth, a blood-stained frothy slime dripped. Its horrid jaws were munching, munching, munching. The priest, the sourdough and Buttler unconsciously clasped each other by the arms and tried to shout, but could not utter a sound. And well for us was it that they were stricken dumb! Our Indians crouched on the ground, their faces ashy and their bodies trembling like aspen leaves. They pressed their faces on the ground to shut out the sight. Buttler suddenly got up and tore down the hill...

"Luckily, the monster had not sighted us! He stopped barely 100 paces from us. Then, propping his huge belly on a big flat rock, he stood motionless, gazing into the glaring eye of the red and setting sun! It was a sight that may have been not unfamiliar to our giant forefathers in a remote age. The monster stood still for 10 minutes, as did we. He actually swivelled round his huge neck, and still did not see us.

"I calculated he was around 50 feet long. He had a sort of rhinoceros horn on top of his jaws and his carcass was covered with black stiff bristles like those of a wild boar. The hair was plastered with mud and frozen muck. I'd put his weight at all 50 tons. As we watched, a sound like the crunching of bones came from his dripping jaws. Then he reared on his hind legs,



THE TWILIGHT ZONE

emitted a horribly hollow roar, gave a terrific leap, and vanished up the ravine. We made no attempt to follow him!"

Dupuy and the party went to Dawson City and asked the governor to send out 50 armed men and mules, though it seems to me that a battery of howitzers would not have been amiss. The Dawson City *Daily Nugget* got hold of the story and likened Dupuy and party to Baron von Münchhausen, Ananias, Barnum and Louis de Rougemont all rolled into one. Perhaps the governor of the North-West territories suspected a hoax, for he never gave the aid asked by Dupuy. Yet the monster was seen again. About five years later, when Dupuy was back in France, he had a letter from Père Lavagneux, who wrote:

"Ten of my Indians and myself have again seen that horrible beast of Partridge Creek. It was on Christmas Eve, and the monster was passing like a whirlwind over the frozen surface of the river, breaking off with his hind feet enormous blocks of ice from the frozen surface. His fur was covered with hoar frost and his little eyes—that was why he probably did not see us when we met him, some five years back when you were here, my son—glittered like fire in the dusk. He had in his jaws something which looked to me like a caribou. He moved at the rate of more than 30 miles an hour. The temperature stood at 45 degrees below zero. At the corner of the cut-off, the monster vanished.

"It is evidently the same monster we saw before. Together with the Chief Stinehane and his two sons, I followed up the trail of the horrid beast. They were exactly like the tracks you and I and the rest saw when you were here. Then, they were embedded

in the muck of the moose lick. Eight times on the snow we measured the prints. They were the same and so was the enormous body. Not the twentieth of an inch difference! We trailed them to Stewart, fully three miles, when snow fell and obliterated the tracks."

Of course, readers may, like the Dawson City *Daily Nugget*, deem such a story all hooey, if not a hoax. Or they may ask: "Where are the fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, sons and daughters of these monsters?" They cannot live *in vacuo*, nor were they unbegotten, uncreated, nor can live eternally." To which one may reply, with a shrug: "Quien sabe?"

Scientists and zoologists and palaeontologists ridicule these stories just as they derided Sir Harry Johnston's account of the central African Okapi, until presently a specimen was found. Others may dismiss the stories as legends, or subjects for the psychologist rather than the biologist. How did such monsters escape the fate that befell their ancestors millions of years ago, when the oncoming of glaciation and the secular rise in the elevation of land masses spelled their doom? In the disappearance of lush vegetation and hot, steamy swamps and plains where the sun shone ever hot and bright from a cobalt sky, and rain fell as it seems to do on Venus nearer the Sun, only in warm showers in the night, how did they survive?

Did the dinosaur or the Pleistocene mammoths and mastodons leave no descendants behind them to inhabit lonely enclaves of lost worlds where climate and zoogeographical and geological conditions favoured their survival?

(Source: *Would You Believe?*, Spring 1994)

ESP—NOT JUST IN THE MIND?

Extrasensory perception—ESP—almost certainly exists according to Britain's most respected scientific researcher into the paranormal.

Professor Robert Morris of Edinburgh University, who has spent almost a decade investigating claims of telepathy, clairvoyance and pre-cognition, says he is "now ninety per cent certain" that ESP is real.

In 1985 Professor Morris became the first holder of Edinburgh's Koestler Chair of Parapsychology, established under a million-pound bequest following the death of writer Arthur Koestler two years earlier.

Until recently, Professor Morris and his team had focussed on finding ways in which researchers can fool themselves into believing that ESP exists.

However, now they've begun experiments—and have turned up powerful support for a paranormal phenomenon that most scientists reject.

In a study of 32 people, 13 managed to identify correctly a film clip seen by someone in another room. The odds of so high a success rate being achieved by chance are about 50 to 1.

Professor Morris and his team believe that these kinds of experiments constitute important evidence that some people really do have paranormal abilities.

They have now gone on to develop a test for predicting who will do well in ESP tests. Candidates have to stare at a faint image which is steadily brightened by a computer. Those who can make out the image more quickly appear to be particularly "receptive" in ESP tests.

(Source: *Weekly Telegraph*, 12-18 January 1994)

VAMPIRE REMOVAL AT STAKE

An unidentified telephone bidder paid A\$17,437 at a Sotheby's auction yesterday for a "Vampire Killing Set". The kit comprised garlic powder, an ivory-mounted crucifix incorporating a concealed pistol, a Bible, a telescope to spot airborne vampires, a wooden stake, and moulds for making silver bullets.

While the kit's creator is unknown, Sotheby's estimate the set was assembled in 20th century America, not 19th century Europe. Indeed, the perfect gift for the man who fears everything!

(Sources: *Sunshine Coast Daily*, 13 January 1994; *The Gate*, April 1994)

